1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir AV1

361 346 341 building; this must have been a predisposing cause of the lateral shifting of some of the stones one upon the other which is to be observed, the moving cause being, I take it, earthquakes. The other neighbouring ruins have a great resemblance to this first, but they are not all three equally ornamented.

[776] These old temples, though clearly devoted to the same worship as what is now followed—Ganesha for instance, the elephant-headed god, being among the prominent figures—are quite neglected by and hardly known to the people around.[1] But we will now go to a spot that is in the bloom of repute as a holy place, that is resorted to on certain days both by the people of the hills and by many from afar.

361 783 788 This is *Parmandal*, a place of pilgrimage that the Hindūs visit for the purpose of obtaining a moral cleansing by bathing in its waters. It is situated in a nook among the low hills, far up one of the ravines that drain down to the plain. I went there with the Maharaja when he and all his Court made the pilgrimage—if so it can be called—on I forget what special day. It is two marches from Jummoo, and we went with a large camp, nor were we intent wholly on the religious ceremonies, for on the way the jungles were beaten and some good pig-sticking rewarded us.

We entered the hills by the winding valley of the Devak stream, the name of which denotes a sacred character. We encamped at Utarbain, which is a place but next in religious importance to the one that was our goal; here were two gilt-domed temples surrounded by cells for Brahmans to live in. The Maharaja gave food this day to all Brahmans who might come; a large number were collected in the quadrangle to partake of it, and presents were given—quantities of flour and other provisions, and money as well—to those Brahmans who permanently stay here. From Utarbain we made the journey to Parmandal and back in an afternoon; we continued up the sandy bed of the same stream; as we went on the valley became more confined and its sides more rocky; thus winding up we suddenly came at one of the turns in sight of a strange collection of buildings strangely situated. A double row of lofty and handsome buildings with

[1] [i.e. temple ruins in the town of Babor.—Analyst]

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nought but the sandy stream-bed between them; there was the chief temple with a fine façade, and, behind that, numerous domes, one gilt one conspicuous; most of the others are houses built by the courtiers of Ranjît Singh, who was attached to this place and occasionally visited it; they are now inhabited by Brahmans.

The whole place was alive with people who had come to bathe and to worship; booths and stalls, as for a fair, had been put up in the middle of the sandy space; the picturesque buildings, backed close by sandstone rocks, and the crowds of cheerful pilgrims, made a gay and pretty scene. It is only for a short time after rain that a stream flows over the sands, now they had to dig two or three feet to reach the water; numbers of holes had thus been made, and the people scooped up enough water to bathe themselves with; the atoning power of such a ceremony is considered in these hills to be second only to that of a visit to Haridwâr on the Ganges.

A journey of not many miles from Parmandal, but by a rugged path over difficult hills, would bring us to the two strange little lakes named *Saroin Sar* and *Mân Sar*, the latter word of each name being the one used for "lake." They are 8 or 10 miles apart, but are on about the same strata, and are each about 2000 or 2200 feet above the sea, being situated somewhat high on or between the parallel ridges.

Saroin Sar may be said to cover a kind of platform, from which on two sides the ground falls rather steeply, while on the other sides are low hills; the lake is about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, a pretty spot; mango trees and palms adorn its banks, and cover thickly a little island in the centre; while the sandstone hills round are partly clothed with brushwood, and shaded, though lightly, with the bright loose foliage of the long-leafed pine.

Mân Sar is a larger lake, perhaps three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile broad; it is in a very similar position, at a high level, and nearly surrounded by hills, but at one side there is a great descent into a steep valley or ravine.